

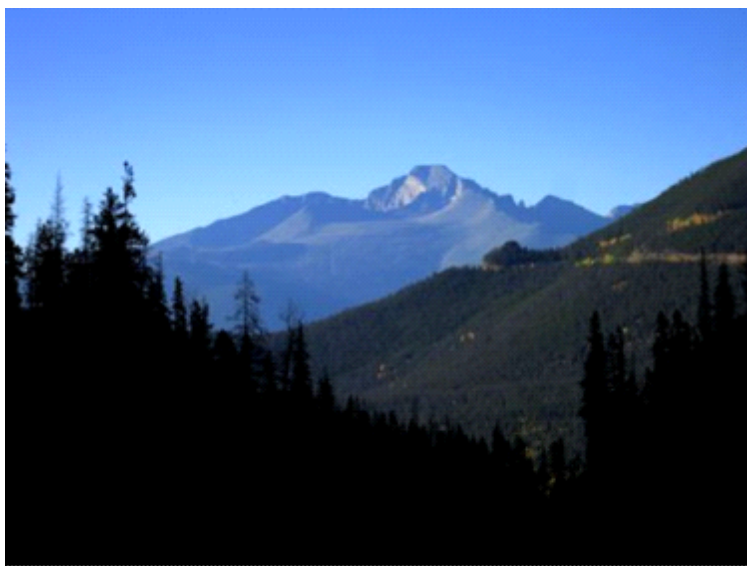
Date: 9/25/2014 8:02:26 PM

Subject: Postcard

The sun peeks over the mountains this morning and backlights the aspens as they shimmy in the breeze. It's a good day for a hike.



Today's destination is Ypsilon Lake. It is named after Ypsilon mountain. The mountain was so named because it manifests a prominent Y-shaped snow couloir on its eastern face. I have absolutely no idea what that means.



This is not Ypsilon Mountain. We think this is Long's Peak and we saw it on the way up.

At about the one mile mark we heard a squirrel scolding us. Ypsilon Lake Trail squirrels sound like rattlesnakes. Seriously. The first one you hear is scary, then you figure out that the sound is coming down at you from way up in a Ponderosa. Heh heh.



The trail aligns with Roaring River just before it splits. The right fork heads to Lawn Lake and the left fork crosses the river to Ypsilon Lake. Unfortunately the Roaring River bridge was washed away in last year's flood, leaving hikers with a sign and some logs.

The sign says:

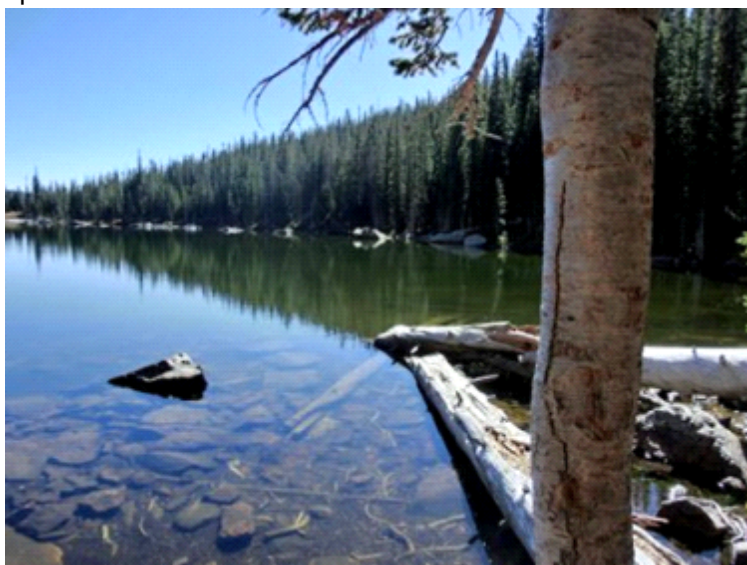


So there we were. We considered the logs. I figured what the heck. I walked over and "Whoa", I'm like all alone! Sheila is, well, still considering the logs.

There is a difference between courage and just acting in the face of danger. Courage requires overcoming the fear of acting in the face of danger. Or, in some cases, sheer terror. What happened next was a profile in courage.



Shaky logs, scary squirrels, undeterred, we made it to Ypsilon Lake.





We ate cheese and crackers and Craisins and mixed nuts.
The walk back was virtually all downhill and we liked it.

Tonight we are having Stouffer's frozen lasagna. We expect
it to have flavor. Salt is a flavor.

D&S